MARY JANES TRAVELS.

SHE AND DICKEY VISIT THE ETER-NAL CITY.

Better Than Her Traveling Companion. The Latter Is Not Fond of Old Ruins.

[Special Correspondence.] ROME, Aug. 2.—As we came into Rome the other day that boy in our party was giving me points in Roman history, and the subject under treatment was the Coliseum.

"It's the bose ruin of the whole capoodle," mid he, "and is bigger than all out doors. It's fourteen stories high, with a mansard roof and four cellars, and there ain't a fire escape on the whole shelsang. The plaster-ing has all come off now, and it looks like a New York tenement house built to rent, but it was a great sump when the Romans had some style about them. They used to have Graco-Roman, collar and elbow and catch as catch can wrestling matches, slugging bouts, gladiator fights, baseball games and all kinds of combinations like that, with a target practice on Christians, when business had been good with the main guy on the warpath, and be had captured a big layout in some of his raids on the evangelical population. On show nights they didn't put up the sign 'Standing room only' till 80,000 tickets had been taken in at the door, and they had a box next to the High Muck a Muck's, with a Brussels carpet and a keg of beer under the curtains for the exclusive use of the press. The manager of the Coliseum was up to snuff, and don't you forget it. It was built by an old duffer they called Vespasian, about seventy years B. C., with 10,000 captive Jews he had imported from Jerusalem expressly for the purpose, and after the job was done be had all that was left over killed on the stage before the audience to give the house a good end off and get his name in the papers. The

"What was that date!" said I, interrupting the boy in his mad career. "Lemme see," said he, scratching his head;

"it was either 70 years B. C. and 10,000 Jews built it, or 10,000 years B. C. and 70 Jews built it, I ain't sure which. Hand me that guide book till I fresh up a little." After that I lost confidence in the boy as a description relative to ruins, and set him

going at every opportunity.

I have seen ruins and antiquities, and , and pictures, and relics, and sculp-d monuments, and arches, and fori forums is what I'd call them at home, and mosaics, and images, and catacombs, and crucifixes, and saints, and Virgin Marys, till I feel like my brain was a magazine of curiosities, and if I could only adopt Dickey's sugestion and convert it into a dime museur for use in America I am sure I could retire rich and respectable after two starring tours

arough the provinces.
"I've seen so much in Rome," said I to

is worth the effort to live again the lives of these famous artists in the paintings of their brushes, the chippings of their chisels; there is full reward for long drives, tiresome walks, and wearisome standing in hot and dusty places to look upon the evidences of valor in places to look upon the evidences of valor in the field and of heroism in statesmanship, which are presented on every side in the

"My dear," said I, "that sounds pretty, but it is not in barmony with my feelings. Sight seeing to me is like hash, which does well enough for 75 or 100 meals, but isn't good for a steady diet. More things have gone into y eyes in a day than I can digest in a year, and if I don't have mental dyspepsia before a week, there is no virtue in symptoms."

as Dickey. She sees Rome's treasures with an artistic eye and goes into ec-stasies, but I can't do it to save my life. Some of the pictures please me, and so does some of the statuary, but the average old master in canvas or murble makes me want to see the whole lot bundled up and sold for wall paper or hitching posts where the people are not particular as to the style of decora-

they look like an unfinished job of tearing out old buildings, and they draw beggars as carrion draws buzzards. I know their value in teaching the newer world what the older was, but that lesson is taught now, and the teacher ought to be pensioned and drawing card for the business of the towns where they are, and decent burial is far better than exposing the remains for pecuniary arposes. The hotel men and the shopkeepend them very profitable m very profitable, and if the supply should become exhausted I doubt not they would organize a company for furnishing ruins to order and take all their own make

I never want to see a ruin again, and I wouldn't trade a new and pretty American cottage for the entire Reman collection One day we had a guide named Ettore Piz-

sarone, whom we called "Hector" for short, and who knew Rome by heart, and told us about it in broken and repaired English which was irresistible. In Italy there can't be less than 97,775 St. Sebastians, on canvas and in marble, bronze, wood and frescoes, and I asked Hector to tell us why it was that Schastian had been shot full of arrows and treated so badly. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with this saint. I will tell Hector's story in brief and as nearly as I can in his own style:

"Sebastian," said he. "was a ver' much good young man, and because of this Domitian was making that she being killed. When it was they taking her out where the killing Sebastian had much friends ver' rich and they paying the soldiers at Domitian, they not shooting the arrows so her be killing, but making believe it was so. Then Sebas-tian's friends taking him home, by two or three months she had much good bealth again and was making to go about the palace. One day Domitian, coming riding down by the Capitoline hill, was seeing Sean in a window and was startling in the might for her, thinking she was dead. But Sebastian shaking her fist at he, Domitian was knowing it was her, and he growing much anger spoken terrible swores in his di-rection and ordering a soldier to kill she. Sebastian was staying in the window and the soldier approaching under, she was putting its spear under his chir, and with a thrusting it killed she for much certain."

I believe this is history, but in all the pict-

ures of the martyred saint I have seen, except one in the church of St. Sebastian, I think the arrows are shown as piercing at

w his carriages, though, and his garden and Thee," pleads in song the Unitarian Miss

who are sight seeing find a great many places closed for the day at 1 o'clock, while others close from 12 to 4.

The churches of Rome were all disappointing to me on the exterior, but within their richness and beauty were wonderful. St. Peter's, the greatest, has its magnificent dome tidden by an awkward portice arrangement in front, which seems to have been put there for that very purpose, and St. Paul's, the Anest interior in Rome, looks from without like a warehouse with a steeple or two on it.

forting to the eyes.

Roman women have not the beauty of the Neapolitans, and I had been in town two or potatoes, buckwheat cakes and coffee, and ee days before I saw a face that was other than ordinary, and after that I didn't see many more. I have noticed one thing though may bring me the same

St. John's, in Lateran, has, I think, the finest

exterior-at least, its facade is the most com-

that is that they are much more readily mis-taken for American women than English women are. I may say the same of the men. There is something in the heavy figures and florid complexions of the English which distinguishes them wherever they are met. It isn't beauty, however, by a great deal. What the Boy of the Party Says of English women may make the best wives in Rome-Dickey Likes the Old Masters the world, but they don't make the prettiest ones by several removes.

However, this isn't Rome, and I am writing about Rome.

OLIVE HARPER One of the Writing Guild and What She

[Special Correspondence.] New YORK, Aug 15.—"I want to intro-duce you to Olive Harper," said the voice of a brother writer at the door of my editorial room one day. I turned and met a large, fine looking lady with a bright, sunny fac-

and merry brown eyes, on crutches. I had read much of her work during my newspaper life, but I remembered her best by the first thing of hers that I ever read, a story published in The Philadelphia Press long before I ever wrote a line for print or dreamed that I

We sat down together and chatted like old friends. I found her as entertaining in conversation as on paper. Since then I have met ber often, but the same cheery manner and sunny spirit characterize her.

This lady has had a varied and remarkable experience. Born in the Wyoming valley, when only 9 years ber father and his family to Oakland, Cal. At 15 she mar-

years found herself a widow with three means of support. She had not then written a line for publication. A long and dangerous illness left her lame OLIVE HARPER. been an exception-

ally strong and active woman, but when told that she must take up her crutches and walk upon them the remainder of her life she decided to "own the crutches and not let them own her." And from that day to this After that I lost combined in the style of them own her. And from the historian, but I enjoyed his original style of she has never made any one unhappy on account of them; never complained about them. Indeed, no one who knows her remember that she is in the least offlicted. Triumphantly, not repiningly, does she bear her cross. She is a conspicuous illustration of the little known truth that there is no bodily or other affliction which the human spirit cannot overcome or hold in mastery if it does but assert itself in its Godlike might.

It was while suffering on the bed of sickness which left her lame that Olive Harper began to write. Her first production was a story for Harper's. This was followed at once by a series of articles in The Oakland Daily News which attracted attention and Dickey one night after a hard day's work, led to an engagement with The Alta Califthat I really don't know whether I'm an old fornia and The Golden Era, of San Francisco. For The Alta California she traveled "I don't know about the ancient ruin," said all over the state. The owners of the paper that I'm a modern total wreck. Yet it had never seen her, and did not know until long afterward that she could only walk on crutches. She placed her children in school and went all over the state, sometimes traveling by rail, sometimes by stage, on horseback and on mules, and always laughing and happy and never tired. She is still blessed with remarkable health, aside from her lame ness, and has endiess capacity for work. While traveling for The Alta California she made an engagement with The St. Louis Globe, now The Globe-Democrat, and has continued to contribute to it to this day.

Destiny seemed determined to compensate this heroic soul for its unkindness in crippling her body. Opportunities poured in upon her and money became plentiful. Everything she did was successful and brought good financial return. In the winter of '72 she wrote a poem, entitled "Cleopatra," which was endiessly copied in this country, republished in England and translated into German and Hungarian. Because of it she was made bonorary member of the Hungarian National Academy of Sciences.

In 1873, just one year after writing her first article, Olive Harper went to Vienna, to the great exhibition, to represent The Alta California, The Globe-Democrat, and The Another delusion is an ancient ruin. They Graphic of this city. Stopping in London six men. After the exhibition she went into Hungary, down the Danube, into and through Bulgaria and Roumelia, thence to Russia and down the Black sea to Constantinopie, wher

she remained a year, going at intervals through the interior. Then she went to Greece, and to Albania, and back to England, where she remained a year, visiting all parts of the kingdom. Some of the trips she made were not without peril.

While in England she published four nevels

"The Lotus of the Nile," "A Drift of Sand," "Becky" and "The Tame Turk." During this perfected herself in French and studied German, electrical science and people and customs. She returned to this country to serve her papers at the Centennial exhibi tion, and soon added others to her list

She gave a series of lectures in Philadelphia and through the west on Turkey and its De pendencies, but not liking the platform so weil as the pen, she abandoned it. For a time she was secretary of the Women's National Industrial league, and gathered a large amount of valuable statistical matter relative to female labor, which was given to the senatorial committee. She wrote letters for The World and Mail and Express, of this city, embodying information gathered at that

For several years she has lived in New York, going across the continent twice and south once in five years. Olive Harper is her pen name. While abroad size married a of French and Turkish parentage, and they have a beautiful boy now 12 years old. She laughingly says that she never felt a fear in her life, although fortune has not always been kind. She "just simply goes ahead." With all her travel, she has a great fondness for home, and has her little big metropolis. She is a firm friend, a brave woman and as entertaining in conver nation as she is versatile to her profession.

Sacred Song is of All Creeds. But it is in our worship, more than any where else, that we come closest to the one universal church. In the liturgies of churches, the old Romish forms have bequeathed their choicest prayers and praise —their Giorias, Te Deums and anthems. We unconsciously, in our devotions, use the unsurpassed passages of the Litany and collects and prayers of our Episcopal brethren. We sing Wesley's hymns in Hector always referred to a conspiracy as a Methodist breathes out his faith in the evangelical hymn, "My Faith Looks up less "conjuseptions" were models of "English to Thee." We love to raise our voices to the words of Sts. Bernard and Francis We didn't see the pope. His health is very cor. Victor Emmanuel did a great deal to bake the pope's lot not a happy one. We Catholic Newman, "Nearer, My God, to is great house with 12,000 rooms.

Rome at this season is dull, and strangers shouts Bowring, the Unitarian; "Angels of Jesus," prays the Catholic Faber; "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," sings the Universalist Phebe Carey.—American Maga-

Dar is allus erbout de smart man er in-

Ordering for awo. Hotel Waiter (to little girl)-Will you order your breakfast, please?

Inttle Girl's Mamma-Some catmeal, I think, waiter.
Little Girl-Mamma, the waiter spoke A French chop, please, with sauce, English bacon, Lyonaise

let the coffee be strong and hot.
Little Girl's Mamma (with a sigh)—You

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

"The boy is like you," said the father, And proudly and temlerly smiled Why, no, he's like you," cried the mother And laughed as she fondled her child.

"His hair is like yours, and the sunsh ne. Nought class is so bright," he retilied. The color of yours, too, she crack

"His mouth, dear, you cannot deny it, Each disaple, each curve is your awa "His new little chin and his forchead." Are due to his father alone

"Ali, well, dear " he said, as he kissed her, We'll love him the better, the eff. That each in his face sees the other, And each fails to recognize self

THE CITY OF OMAHA.

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS WONDER-FUL WESTERN TOWN.

One of the Liveliest and Busiest Cities of the Region Beyond the Mississippi. Jealousy Between Omaha and Kansas City-Ex-President Hayes' Property.

[Special Correspondence.] OMAHA, Aug. 16.—Omaha is one of the liveliest and busiest cities of the west. Nebraska is beening with one of the big-gest of its big corn crops, and this town, which is the financial and business center of the state, pulsates with the prospective prosperity of the fall harvest. There promises to be a new real estate boom, and there is just now a great deal of building going on. One of the finest of the new buildings being erected is the Paxton block, which is to cost nearly \$500,000. It is being built by a millionaire named Paxton, who came out here poor and who is now worth a fortune, the most of which he has made in cattle. Then there are a number of bank buildings going up, and the New York Life Insurance company is going to put up a ten story building within a



By the way, ex-President Hayes has sold is property here. It was pictured in one of the Chicago newspapers as ex-President Hayes' saloon, and the laughter caused by this was more than the ex-president liked, so that he ordered it sold. It is safe to say, however, that Haves had nothing to do with the renting of the property to the saloon keeper. I am told that it was held by him under a sub-lease; at any rate it is now in other hands. The saloon has been torn down and a couple of small brick business buildings are going up upon its site. The property has risen in value and Hayes, though he may have gained in peace of mind, certainly lost money by selling. The new United States

Senator Paddock has a business block here of red pressed brick, worth perhaps \$70,000. Omaha is a prettier town than Kausas City and it is much better paved. Its streets are wider and they are as smooth as a floor. Many of them are paved with asphalt, and they think as little of grading down a forty or fifty feet bill here as they do in the east of filling up a mud puddle in the middle of the road. Omaha has spent more than \$2,000,000, in public improvements, and it has two viaducts which lead from the hills on one side of the town to the hills on the other above the railroad tracks. These viaducts are well constructed, with great stone founda-

There is now being built a great bridge across the Missouri at this point which is to cost \$1,500,000. This bridge connects Omaha with Council Bluffs and it will bear four tons



quantity, and the story that I hear here

EXPOSITION BUILDING.

about an island lying above Omaha being laid out in city lots reminds me of one which lay in the river just opposite Kan sas City. This island was a quarter of a mile long, and the city authorities had founded a pest house upon it, and all patients having contagious diseases were taken to it. and not a few died there and were buried A few weeks ago, during a freshet, the cititens looked out over the river for the island and found it not. The freshet had carried both pest house and island away, and the of the small pox patients were floating down toward St. Louis. It may be the same with the new addition laid out above Omaha. Speaking of Kansas City, there is a great jealousy between it and Omaha, and Omaha be bigger than herself. Both cities have some of the richest of the western territory tributary to them, and both are big jobbing points. Kansas City has a wholesale trade which runs high into the millions yearly, and so has Omaha. I am not sure, but I think that Omaha now leads in manufacturing, and she is fast advancing in pork and beef packing, in which Kamsas City stands next to Chicago. One industry which Omaha has is immense, and that is in her smelting works. She has the biggest establishment of this kind in the United States, and at this same establishment she makes the biggest product of blue vitriol in the United States, if not in the world. It is from her that the Western Union Telegraph company gets all the bine vitriol that it use for its batteries, and I saw here dozens of vats filling great halls, each vat filled with vitriol and in each of which it was crystallizing. I saw here the ore taken from the richest of the western mines separated and reduced so that its gold, silver and lead was taken out pure, and I am told that this estab-



SIXTEENTH STREET VIADUCT. Denver is not fond of Omaha. Its citizens

say the Union Pacific railroad has always discriminated in Omaha's favor, and this appears to be true. The Union Pacific has always been Omaha's friend, and it has general offices here. When the road was built in 1867 Omaha had only about 5,000 people. It now has 90,000, and it expects to have more than 100,000 by the next census In the meantime Denver is also growing, and the two cities are about equal in size.

These people of Omaha live well. They have many tine houses and they spend their money freely. They have a casino or beer garden of the better class where there is a cod music of an evening and where one can go and drunk a glass of beer without fear of music of an evening and where one can go and drunk a glass of beer without fear of being troubled by rowdyism, and they have a very good opera house. The stores are good and rents are high. I was told by a merchant who had a store 22 feet front by 100 feet.

"I am going to ask you a favor, Col. Manual thy first with us right along," was the reply of the young man. So here's another "Remember him?" gasped colonel, "You have a favor, Col. "You will be supposed to the property in the total thy first with us right along," was the reply of the young man. So here's another name for a cemetery. Bone or chard of the young man. So here's another the girls and they first with us right along," was the reply of the young man. So here's another the girls and they first with us right along, "You have a favor, Col. "I am going to ask you a favor, Col. "You have a favor, Co a very good opera house. The stores are good and rents are high. I was told by a merchant deep that he past \$3,000 a year rent, and this

by the way was one of the best locations in

the city. As to business, Omaha is doing well. In 1886 she stosal fourteenth among the cities of the United States in her clearing house rercipts, and her jobbing last year amounted to \$20,000,000. Her lumber trade was twice as large as that of Kansas City, and it was almost equal to that of Minneapolis, which is the second largest lumber market in the country. During 1886 the packing industry more than doubled, and more than 300,000 hogs were killed to 100,000 in 1885. As to The grasses hurry to the graves, the flowers Toss their wild terches on their windy towers;



POSTOFFICE, OMAHA.

manufacturing, the yearly product of the city amounts to over \$30,000,000, and 5,000 workmen are employed in the various insti-

House rents are high in Omaha, and a house that will cost you \$25 a month in smaller western cities here costs from \$50 to \$60 a month, while good houses in a respectable locality within six or eight blocks of the post-office rent from \$60 to \$80 per month. Boarding house keepers offer \$150 a month for houses right along, and good furni-hed rooms on St. Mary's avente will bring \$35 a month. Rents will, however, be lower when the new bridge to Council Bluffs is completed, and that town will then be the Brooklyn of Omaha. These big western cities bank a great deal

upon their meat packing business. Thousands of animals are killed here every day, and when you consider that when a cow or pig enters one of these establishments every atom of it is turned into some money bringing product, you will see that the manufacture of 1,000 hogs into pork, glue, bristles, and what not, amounts to something. Not a hair nor a hoof is wasted, and the fresh meat of the beef is here dressed for shipment to Europe. The packing houses of Kansas City have built up a suburban village, and South Omaba is ounded on the Omaha stock yards. Chicago now the greatest packing center of the United States, but Kansas City is fast gaining upon it, and it stands second. Omaha is fast advancing in this direction, and the big packers are building houses here. One establishment kills and packs 3,000 hogs a day, and another 200 beeves daily. I was in Glasgow a year or so ago and heard of the fortune which an American had made in selling hogs there I find that this man had a packing house here, and he has just sold this to Phil Armour, who proposes to put up additional buildings to the amount of \$300,000. THOMAS J. TODD.

An Odd Custom in Athens. A traveler meets with many customs in A traveler meets which commend them-selves by their uniqueness, but one in Athens gives to modern Greece a reputation she never enjoyed in her pulmiest days. The Greeks are notorious for their unreliability, and they break promises with perfect disregard, knowing how easy it is to make another. Livery stable keepers are no worse than other classes, but in this instance we have to do with them. While in Athens we were anxious to take a drive, and to be sure of a carriage at the appointed time we went the evening before to headquarters and left our order, at the same time impressing the proprietor with the importance of prompt-ness. The next morning we were ready at the hour, but no carriage had arrived. We waited an hour and still no carriage, and then we appealed to a friend, who had lived a long time in Athens, telling him how we had left our order the night before. Re asked if we had demanded a forfeit of the proprietor, and with much surprise we told him we had not. He then informed us that it was customary when ordering a carriage, to insure the order being met, to require a new to us that we could scarcely believe it possible, but we concluded to try it, and went off on a second hunt for a vehicle. This little more degraded than they are a time we demanded our forfeit, and it was given us without hesitation, and promptly at through no fault of the missionaries. the hour set the carriage was ready for us and we took our drive. In paying for it the forfeit was included in the bill, and the en-only proper way to do business, and we were very unbusinesslike persons to have thought erwise. It goes without saying that the reeks have much more confidence in strangers than is common in other countries, for all we gave for our forfeit was a form of receipt, valuable only as a souvenir, in case we desired to run away with the money AN OLD TRAVELER.

An Old Man's Kind Deed. I saw an old man the other day, who, like veral other persons I met, looked exceed ingly warm, suddenly stop and eye a cab horse which looked even warmer than he, and I was amused to see him walk up to the exhausted animal and begin to fan his head. really think the horse smi look of suffering immediately dissappeared. It was a kind act for a stout old party in sweltering seersucker to devote his only fan to a poor cabby. It was not so comm sight as to see a Harvard senior fan a lovely girl on class day, but it was more disinterested. A feeling that I had witnessed the scene somewhere before in a comic guise made me smile as I walked away. I puzzled for a moment to know whence the reminder came, but finally recognized that the recollections of "Titania" and the donkey headed clown had been stirred by this mod ern sight. Yet I felt that the old fellow's kind act was wronged by such a thought. He is one of the men who help to compensate for the wrongs done the animal kingdom on the street, and if there is a horse heaven be will surely find a welcome in its green pasures.-Boston Post.

Dressed Like Puppets. Looking at some pretty children who were ireseed like puppets the other day at a fashlonable resort, I thought that, instead of deerying the tendency to imitate English customs, we ought to be each people to copy some of them yet more in the matter of chil-dren's dress. Americans have reached the point of the picturesque in style, but they have not grasped at the simplicity which characterizes the attire of the well born English child. We ridicule an anglomaniac copy-ing the least wrinkle in the dress of the Prince and Princess of Wales, because he and she stop there, and have not followed the royal common sense which has always plainly ssed their children. Now these children have grown up they should be given more friils and furbelows, but the example remains the same. Afternoon frocks of lace and silk ought to be impossible for babyhood.-Bos-

A New York oculist says that only one man in 670 knows how to take care of his eyes.

Not a Centenarian. Her principal assets were youth and beauty, and in the guileless innocence of a trusting heart she had bestowed her young affections upon an old, old man, whose coffers were literally overflowing with gold. And there was a grand party to celebrate the betrothal, to which all sorts and condition of people were invited, and things went, if possible, even merrier than a marriage bell. And during the evening there was sweet music. and sweeter singing, and then it was that the

"I am going to ask you a favor, Col.

And somehow they quite forgot to invite in to the wedding.—New York Mercury the dead.—Philadelphia Call.

The spirit of earth, with glad, restoring hands,
"Mai ruin moves, in glimmering chasin gropes,
And mosses mantle and the bright flower opes,
But beath the Flowman wanders in all lands,
And to the last of earth his furrow stands.
The grave is never hidden; fearful hopes
Follow the dead upon the fading slopes.
And there wild memories meet upon the sands.

Yet are the bleak graves lonely in the rain.

-Charles Edwin Markham.

SURE DEATH ON RATS.

How a Woman Solved a Vexatious Problem in Domestic Life. Mrs. Benedict's business is that of a rateatcher, a new profession now fairly opened to women, and one which Mrs. Benedict at least has made lucrative The business of rat extermination is not strictly new, and yet Mrs. Benedict is fairly entitled to rank as its inventor, at least in an important sense. raised it to the dignity of a profession. The problem has been how to kill the rats without bringing unpleasant odors into

the house. appears, in the domestic manufacture of plaster casts of various kinds. One of her devices was to mix wheaten flour with her pulverized plaster of Paris, so that the gluten of the flour might make the paste less brittle. One evening she had visitors who rang the bell just as she was sifting the mixed plaster and flour for the third time by way of mixing them intimately as the chemist says. She had already set a dish of water at hand, intending to make when they hade her adien. Mrs. Benedict went to bed without returning to the k

What happened in the night was this: What happened in the night was this: A rat made his way up the legs of the table to the top, where he was speedily joined by others. The dish of flour and plaster was easily reached, and the rats stomach and put an end to any exercise of that organ. The rats decided Mr. Mallock's question: "Is life worth living?" in the negative without quitting the table. The next morning thirteen of them lay dead in a circle around the water dish. Mrs. Benedict, when she entered the kitchen for the purpose of entered the kitchen for the purpose of making her fire, saw them and acted-that is to say, she screamed and climbed upon a chair. From that position she studied the scene, and very soon saw the cause. Like a wise woman, she kept her secret and made profit of it. She make secret and made profit of it. She under-took, for a consideration, to clear the premises of her neighbors of the pests. and succeeded. It was not long before the town was as free of this sort of vermin as if the pied piper of Hamelin had traveled that way.—New York Star.

the conversion of the Indians. There has been a mission church at Sitka ever since 1808, but the experience of the Russian that of our own. The Indians become very pious and are eager to join the church, if they get enough tobacco and red cloth; but when once the distribution to insure the order being met, to require a forfeit of from \$3 to \$5 from the owner, as a reminder to him that he had a contract to fulfill. It was a method of business so entirely new to us that we could exactly believe it. eighty years of missionary work among What I mean to say is that contact with degraded white men has a little more than offset the elevating effects of the

English Idea of Fun.

At the New club dance an entirely novel leafare contributed to the success of a very successful evening. Just as the dancing was at its height some one-one of those individuals who escape detection in a erowd—let fall a box full of wax matches, or fusees, the contents of which became thickly strewn upon the parquet. as the young people came tripping along, "Oh, what a surprise!" Pop! crack! off went the matches under the gossamer skirts of the fair dancers, emitting as they did so a tiny flame. Loudly the mashers laughed, for the fun was not without that element of danger which is dear to the heart of every Briton. Some of the elders. perceiving this, ordered a waiter to pick up the matches. Happily there was no accident, while the presence of Capt. Shaw quickly restored the confidence of those who had been alarmed by the incident.— London World

Butler's Buttonhole Bouquets,

It is a mystery where Gen. Butler finds the flower that he wears in his button-hole. In Boston he always has a May flower before anybody else less thought of looking for them. In New York it is easy enough to get a posy, but when the general alights from a sleeper early in the morning with a pretty combination of flowers in the left lapel, the wonder is natural where he found them. He is a great admirer of flowers, and a rare, perfect blossom out of season delights him more than a good retainer. The dande-lion, too, is a favorite, and he once said that if this wild flower were rare it would be reckoned among the choicest of blossoms.-New York Sun.

Wit and Humor in English. Of all wit and humor written in English we remember that of the Scotchman longest and laugh at it least. He has most wisdom and most malice. The with pathos. It is the least recorded, for it belongs in general to the nature of repartee, and needs for setting the occa-sion that called it forth. The American's is the most various, and is always unex pected. He takes the victim into confidence, and with snave andacity gets the better of him over and over again. He is good at contrast, but his forte is in the impossible.—Jean Ingelow.

There are in our own country some what more than 100,000 Sunday schools, with an enrollment of 8,500,000 scholars.

Sarah Bernhardt says Americans are art critics by nature rather than nurture.

Name for a Cemetery. "We had a dandy time at the bone or

chard," said a young dude, whose collar rivaled the ordinary cuff in width and whose dyspeptic appearance indicated that he was living too fast for his physique. and sweeter singing, and then it was that the bride elect murmured in her most dulcet tones:

"Bone orchard?" queried the friend whom he addressed. "What do you mean?" oh, me and my friend go to a grave-

ASSIGNEE'S SALE!

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF

CLOTHING

AND

Mr. Benedict has found out how to induce rats to die on the kitchen floor. Like many inventors, she is somewhat indebted to accident. She was engaged, it

IN THE ROOM

an experimental cast at once, and when the door bell rang she hastily removed her apron and went to welcome her guests, leaving her materials upon the kitchen. Her guests stayed until bedtime, and

WILL BE SOLD

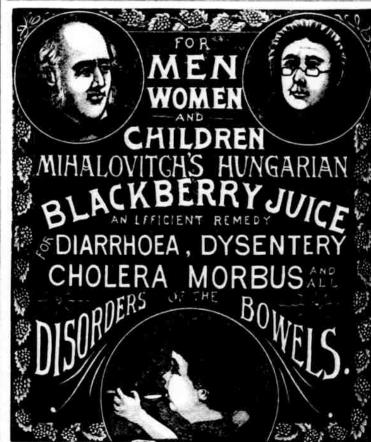
plaster was easily reached, and the rats at freely and hastily of it, as it is their custom to do. It was a rather dry supper, and water being near, each rat turned to drink. The water drunk first wet the plaster in the rats' stomachs, and then, in technichal phrase, "set" it, that is to say, the plaster thus made into paste, instantly grew hard in each rat's stomach and nut an end to any exercise.

RARE OPPORTUNITY

TO RECEIVE BARGAINS.

"The Greek church seems exactly to meet the needs of the Innuis or Esquimaux," said Mr. Eliot, "but comparatively little progress has been made toward the conversion of the Indiana The Conversion The Conversion The Conversion The Conversion The C

ASSIGNEE.



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